

Damon and Phillida.

Altered from CIBBER into a

COMIC OPERA.

With the Addition of

NEW SONGS and CHORUSES.

As it is performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL

*IN

D R U R Y - L A N E.

The Music entirely new composed by
Mr. DIBDIN.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. GRIFFIN, at Garrick's Head, in
Catharine-street, Strand. 1768.

[Price 15.]



P R E F A C E.

MR. GARRICK having allowed me, as Miss Radley's master, to choose what second part she should appear in, I turn'd my thoughts towards the ballad farce of Damon and Phillida. But when I came to look at it, I not only found that the music consisted of a great many heavy minuets, and old fashion'd country-dances, but that there was too much dialogue, without the intervention of airs, which being also in blank verse, rendered the drama still more tiresome, as well as hurt the simplicity of some of the characters; which, in the idea, were not contemptible: add, that the opening and conclusion were extremely flat and un-operatical.

In

vi P R E F A C E.

In order to remedy the first objection, I ventured to reset some of the ballads, intending, out of esteem for our old melodies, to let the rest remain, with the addition only of modern accompaniments; but here again I found the trouble would be equal to new setting the whole; and I also saw, that without the chance of adding any thing to my own little reputation, I might lay myself open to censure, by endeavouring to mend, what in the opinion of many people, might want no improvement.

For these reasons I have composed all the songs entirely new: and as the piece has never pleas'd upon the stage, and for that reason has been very seldom performed since that great actress Mrs. Clive was so justly celebrated in the part of Phillida: I have taken the farther liberty to make such alterations in the drama as I presumed necessary.

I have thrown the dialogue into prose, added several new songs, restored others

from Love in a Riddle, inserted chorusses, and, whether for the better or the worse, made the whole very different from what it has ever yet appeared. With regard to the music, I shall only say, that while I have endeavoured to give light and familiar airs, I have also endeavoured to give such as are neither trite nor vulgar.

C. DIB DIN.

P E R-

P E R S O N S.

Arcas,

Mr. Hurst.

Corydon,

Mr. Bannister,

Cymon,

Mr. Dibdin.

Mopsus,

Mr. Moody.

Damon,

Mr. Dodd.

Phillida,

Miss Radley.

Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

S C E N E, A R C A D I A.

DAMON AND PHILLIDA.

A C T T H E F I R S T.

A beautiful Prospect in ARCADIA.

ARCAS, CORYDON, CYMON, MOPSUS, DAMON
and PHILLIDA, and other Shepherds and Shepherdesses,
discovered. ARCAS seated.

CHORUS.

*HAIL the day, ye nymphs and swains,
To your plains
That gave a Lord;
Who crowns the truth
Of every youth,
And is defenceless Virtue's guard.*

ARCAS.

I am told, Corydon, that you want my advice in
something that materially concerns you.

CORYDON.

My Lord, I have made bold to ask it.

ARCAS.

Then let me hear your story, and whatever power
I have to serve you, you may freely command.

B

CORY-

2 DAMON AND PHILLIDA.

CORYDON.

Ah, my good Lord, you are our general friend—
This is my daughter; I have ever studied to make
her happy; and to own the trurh, her chearful com-
pliance with all my commands, from her infancy, has
rendered that task a great satisfaction to me: now, my
Lord, leſt I ſhould die, and leave her in an unfriendly
world, I would fain ſee her well married; and for that
purpoſe have found her out a pair of well-meaning
youths to take her choice of, Cymon and Mopsus
here; they are brothers; and their manners ſuit her
condition: I am well auſſured ſhe might be happy with
either of them, for they both love her ſincerely.

CYMON.

Yes, an please you, we are both cruelly in love.

ARCAS.

A little patience, honest Cymon.

CORYDON.

These lads, I ſay, my Lord, if there was no ob-
ſtruction in the way, might one or t'other make her a
good husband perhaps—but this foppish rambling
Damon here, has bewitch'd her I think; his squeaking
pipe has rival'd both Cymon and Mopsus, and they
toy and play together all day long.

CYMON.

Ay ſo they do, an please you.

CORYDON.

Nay, nay, Cymon.

CYMON.

Well, well, I have done; I'm ſure 'tis true tho'.

MOPSUS.

Hoh! hoh! hoh! That fool, my brother, is always
in the wrong.

CORY

A C O M I C O P E R A.

3

C O R Y D O N.

Nay, nay, Mopsus, now you are worse than he.

A R C A S.

Go on with your story.

C O R Y D O N.

So nothing now but Damon is thought of, and Damon I fear will ruin her, which would but ill recompence me for all my care and fatherly advice. The favour I would beg of you, my Lord, is to interpose your authority in my behalf; and, though you are not our king, 'tis well known you rule our hearts; and the continual good you do us every day, makes it but gratitude that we should yield to whatever is your pleasure: therefore, if you think my case deserves pity, I hope your wisdom will point out to me a way to prevent any ill that may ensue from it.

A R C A S.

I take your grief to heart, good Corydon, and wish I may have it in my power to make you easy; Damon, you hear your accusation, do you think it honest to trifle in an affair like this; or that it will add to your reputation to say you purchas'd this unwary maid's affection at the price of all she possess'd, for which she could be counted amiable? Think seriously, and tell me what I shall say I've done to right this good old man.

D A M O N.

My Lord, my professions are sincere; let the girl please herself: if she has a mind to marry, there's her choice; if she has a mind to make a frolic of life, here's her man.

B 2

A I R.

4 DAMON AND PHILLIDA.

A I R.

*The man for life,
That takes a wife,
Is like a thousand dismal things ;
A fox in trap,
Or worse, mayhap,
An owl in cage, that never sings :
From morn till night,
He hates her sight,
Yet he, poor soul, must endure it ;
Bed of thorns,
Head of horns :
Such a life !
Rope or knife,
Can only cure it.*

*A bull at stake,
To merry make,
He roars aloud, and the laugh is strong ;
Like dog and cat,
Or pufi and rat,
He fights for life, and it lasts as long.
But the man that's free,
Is like the bee,
Who ev'ry flower is tasting ;
Ne'er cloyes,
With his joys,
Day or night :
New delight
Is only lasting.*

CORY.

A C O M I C O P E R A.

5

C O R Y D O N.

You see, my lord, I did not accuse him falsely.

A R C A S.

'Tis true.—Well, my friends, I hope your hearts are honest; endeavour to rival this Damon, you shan't want for my protection.

C Y M O N.

Ah! Sir, I have no heart to speak, an like you: The flouts, and pouts, and glouts at me from morning till night. There, only see how she looks now, because she can't abide me.

A R C A S.

Take courage, man; pluck up a spirit; that's her maiden shyness.

C Y M O N.

Do you think so, Sir?—Well, if you think so, I will take courage; and if an old song will win her heart, have at her.

A I R.

*There's not a swain,
On the plain,
Would be blest as I,
O cou'd you but on me smile;
But you appear,
So severe,
That, trembling with fear,
My heart goes pit a pat all the while.*

*When I cry,
Must I die?
You make no reply,
But look shy,
And with a scornful eye
Kill me with your cruelty:
How can you be,
So hard to me?*

6 DAMON AND PHILLIDA.

C O R Y D O N.

Well, Phillida, has this no effect upon you?

C Y M O N.

No, no, poor Cymon, thou art never the nearer ;
not all thy songs, nor sighs, nor sobs, can move her.

A R C A S.

Perhaps she may like Mopsus better ; come, my lad,
let's hear what you have to say ; you seem cheerful.

M O P S U S.

Yes, I am always so ; I loves to laugh, for my part,
let things go how they will : what do I care for her
frowns : it gives a body's mind some ease to think that
Cymon's us'd as ill as I ; all my comfort is, that hap-
pen as it will, I shall have him to laugh at.

A R C A S.

But now, Corydon, let us enquire into your daughter's heart. Phillida, here are three youths who labour to deserve your love ; tell me freely which is the man that's favour'd most by you ; trust me with the secret of your wishes, that I may prove your friend.

P H I L L I D A.

Since I am urg'd to speak the truth, I own my heart, my Lord, has been foolishly imposed upon ; my father's will I never disobeyed, and sincerely wish I had it now in my power to please him ; but I can never consent to lead a savage life ; and what could I expect better from the company of these lads ?

C Y M O N.

Oh ! oh ! oh ! O scornful maid ! My poor heart will burst with grief.

M O P S U S.

Hoh ! hoh ! hoh ! poor Cymon's in a bitter taking.

P H I L -

A COMIC OPERA.

7

PHILLIDA.

?Tis hard that I must chuse from such extremes of folly—Damon's infidelity should make me hate him; but I fear he has too many tender advocates in my heart; 'tis true I have try'd a thousand times to shut him from my thoughts, as often found I try'd in vain; my weaknes will find excuses for his treatment of me; whenever he submits, he's sure to be forgiven; and whenever I forgive, I am sure to be forsaken.

A I R.

*What woman could do, I have try'd to be free;
Yet do all I can,
I find that I love him; and tho' he flies me,
Still, still, he's the man.
They tell me, at once he to twenty will swear;
When vows are so sweet, who the falsehood can fear?
So, when you have said all you can,
Still—still he's the man.*

*I caught him one day making love to a maid:
When to him I ran,
He turn'd and he kis'd me, then who could upbraid
So civil a man?
The next day I found to a third he was kind;
I rated him soundly, he swore I was blind;
So let me do all that I can,
Still—still he's the man.*

*The shepherds all bid me beware of his art;
I do what I can;
But he has taken such hold of my heart,
I doubt he's the man.
So sweet are his kisses, his looks are so kind,
He may have his faults, but if none I can find,
Who can do more than they can?
He—still is the man.*

ARCAS.

8 DAMON AND PHILLIDA.

ARCAS.

Take comfort, Corydon; your daughter's unreserved confession of her love, persuades me of the goodness of her heart; and tho' licentious Damon may deserve severe reproof, yet for her sake let us not harden him by punishment, but rather tempt him by reward to virtue; my favour shall be shewn to every one who seeks by honest means to gain it; therefore, if he, or any other swain, can win this gentle maid to be his bride, the portion she expected from her father, I'll double on the marriage day.—Come, friends, let's leave these lovers.

CHORUS.

*Hail the day, ye nymphs and swains,
To your plains
That gave a Lord;
Who crowns the truth,
Of every youth,
And is defenceless Virtue's guard.*

[Exit Arcas, Shepherds, &c.

CORYDON.

A double portion! Now, my lads, there's brave encouragement to warm your hearts; now shew your skill; now sing, now dance; now try which is the featest fellow—Ah! Phillida, let faithless Damon see what honesty has gain'd by truth; and what his pranks have lost by wickedness!

PHILLIDA.

Dishonesty shall never gain me.

MOPSUS.

A double dow'ry, Cymon, now's our time.

CYMON.

Ah! but I am tender-hearted; my poor hopes will never blossom while she looks so frosty.

CORY

C O R Y D O N.

Learn of your brother, lad ; you see he's all mirth ;
up with your heart, and at her.

C Y M O N.

Shall I ?—Well, since you encourage me, I will.

C O R Y D O N.

Well said, my boy ; this joyful day makes my heart
bound with pleasure ; let me but see that graceless
Damon disappointed ; let me but live to see him wear
the willow, and I'll jump into my grave with joy.

A I R.

*When a fox for a while,
Hath rejoic'd in the spoil,
Which with villainous craft he hath plunder'd ;
And escap'd ev'ry snare,
That the hounds could prepare,
When alarm'd by the cries of the hundred ;
What pleasure at last,
To see the cur fast,
And grinning with pain and despair !
The vassies all ring,
The peasants all sing,
The felon is conquer'd, O rare !*

[Exit Corydon.]

C

DAMON;

10 DIA MON AND PHILLIDA.

D A M O N.

So, now I suppose I shall have all my work to do over again; this double dowry will turn her brain.

M O P S U S.

Now, Cymon, now!

C Y M O N.

I'd rather you speak first.

M O P S U S.

No, you are the elder.

C Y M O N.

Ah! but my heart misgives me.

P H I L L I D A.

Still silent—no kind offer from Damon.

C Y M O N.

I shall never be able to hit the tune alone.

M O P S U S.

Waunds, you know you can well enough, an you will.

C Y M O N.

I tell you I can't; do you begin.

M O P S U S.

Well then, be sure you back me.

C Y M O N.

I wull, I wull.

A I R;

A C O M I C O P E R A.

II

A I R.

Mop. *Tell me, Philly, tell me roundly,
When you will your heart surrender?*

Cym. *Faith and troth I love thee woundly :
And I was thy first pretender.*

Mop. *Of us boys,*

Cym. *Take thy choice;*

Mop. *Here's a heart;*

Cym. *And here's a hand too :*

Mop. *His or mine ;*

Cym. *All is thine ;*

Both. *Body and goods at thy command too.*

Phil. *While you both pretend a passion,
'Twould be cruel to chuse either ;
To preserve your inclination,
I must kindly fix on — neither.*

*To be just, I now must,
Make yours, and yours, both equal cases ;
Therefore pray, from this day,
I never may
Behold your faces.*

C 2

P H I L-

12 DAMON AND PHILLIDA.

PHILLIDA.

I have heard enough of your odious love ; 'tis Damon's turn to speak now if he chuses it.

MOPSUS.

Well, let him speak ; mayhap you'll get as little good from him, as we have from you ; 'tisn't every man will marry you——'tisn't you——you——don't cry, Cymon, it only makes her prouder.

CYMON.

She has given me such a kick of the heart I shall never get over it.

PHILLIDA.

How tedious is the voice of love from any but the object of our wishes——Cymon.

CYMON.

Well.

PHILLIDA.

Come here.

CYMON.

Yes.

PHILLIDA.

I like thee by far the better than thy brother.

CYMON.

Do you?

PHILLIDA.

I do.

CYMON.

O the gracious ! but you do truly and truly——

PHILLIDA.

I'll convince you on't this moment ; take him away, and don't let me see him for an hour at leaft ; and then do you come without him.

CYMON.

Give me your hand on't.

PHILLIDA.

Hush, hush, not now, they'll see us; away with him.

CYMON.

A word's enough; I'll do it. Come, Mopsus, come away, for I have such a thing to tell thee, boy.—

MOPSUS.

What ails the fool! Thou'rt mad.

CYMON.

Mad! Ay, and so would you be too, if you were in my place; but come away.

MOPSUS.

Nay, not so fast, good Cymon.

CYMON.

Faster, Mopsus, faster.

[Exit Mopsus and Cymon.

DAMON.

This was kind, my Phillida; was ever any thing so well dissembled?

PHILLIDA.

Yes, I have learnt to dissemble from you; and I suppose you'll dissemble with me again to reward me.

DAMON.

How suspicious you are! Don't I love you? This bustle at my heart when I touch your hand, my transport when I gaze upon you, may convince you you're mistaken.

AIR.

A I R.

*Away with suspicion,
That bane to desire;
The heart that loves truly, all danger defies;
The rules of discretion
But stifle the fire;
On its merit alone, true beauty relies.*

*What a folly to tremble,
Left the lover dissimile
His fire!
Turtles that woo,
Bill and coo,
While we enjoy we must be true.
And to repeat it, is all,
All, we can desire.*

PHIL-

P H I L L I D A.

Ah! Damon, you always have decoyed my heart with such language as this; but now 'tis time to end our fooling; consent to marry me, or never see me again.

A I R.

*While you pursue me,
Thus to undo me,
Sure ruin lies in all you say;
To bring your toying,
Up to enjoying,
Call first the priest, then name the day.*

*Lasses are willing
As lads for billing,
When marriage vows are kindly prest;
Let Holy Father,
Tye us together,
Then bill your fill, and bill your best.*

DAMON.

DAMON.

What then I'm to be starved into marriage I find !

PHILLIDA.

I'll starve myself sooner than suffer my heart to be deluded by one whose baseness merits my scorn.

DAMON.

Mighty well ; this double dowry has strangely altered you : why your brain's turn'd, child ; and you would have me as mad as yourself : make a husband of me ! No, no, Phillida, I'll never be that fool, to plod on in one dull path of life ; to be afraid to speak or look, for fear I should offend ; in short, to wear a yoke, that, in spite of all I can do to hinder it, will last for life :—O what a thought !—You must excuse me, my dear, but you'll never persuade me to think on't.

PHILLIDA.

False Damon ! I begin to hate you.

DAMON.

Ay, there's some sense in this ; many of your dainty nymphs will fool one on, and tease one to death ; but since I know your mind, adieu Phillida ; I am for variety.

AIR;

A I R.

Dam. *I'll range the world, where freedom reigns,
And scatter Love around the plains.*

Phil. *I'll starve my love, and rather part,
Than yield my hand to fool my heart.*

Dam. *The frowns of this I'll ne'er take ill;
Where one denies, there's two that will.*

Phil. *Since maids by kindness are undone,
Adieu mankind, I'll sigh for none.*

Dam. *No frozen lass shall hold me long:*

Phil. *No swain that's false, my love shall wrong.*

Dam. *Farewell! farewell! — 'Tis time to part:*

Phil. *Thus from thy hold I tear my heart.*

Both. *Farewell, farewell, &c.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

4 AP 54

D

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Scene changes to a Green, with a Cottage.

Enter DAMON.

HOW could the little gipsey carry it off with such an air? I am so provoked by her impudent pride, that I shall never rest in my bed till she lies by me; but let me see, are her terms reasonable? That my heart is subdued appears pretty plain; that the object of my love is a worthy one, every shepherd confesses; that during our last conversation, my whole behaviour was dissimulation, the uneasiness I now feel will witness for me; what then should I in honor and conscience do? I have made the appeal, and am advised to call the shepherds together, and Arcas at their head, to be witnesses of my conversion, and my determined resolution to change the libertine to the married man.

A I R.

*Come, thou rosy dimpled boy,
Source of every heart-felt joy,
Haste to Phillida away;
This is thine and Hymen's day;
Bid her thy soft bondage wear,
Bid her for Love's rites prepare.*

*Let the nymphs with many a flow'r
Deck the rosy nuptial bow'r,
Thither lead the lovely fair,
And let Hymen too be there.
This is thine and Hymen's day,
Haste to Phillida away.*

[Exit.

Enter

Enter CORYDON and PHILLIDA, from the Cottage.

C O R Y D O N.

Well, well, but I say, think no more of him.

P H I L L I D A.

If I consent to see him no more, father, is not that enough?

C O R Y D O N.

No, no, it is not; you must hate him; there is not such a rake among the wenches in all Arcadia, he is worse than a wolf in a sheepfold, or a hungry fox among poultry, or a—

P H I L L I D A.

Well, but father, suppose all this to be true, if he could be persuaded to marry me—

C O R Y D O N.

The girl puts me beyond all patience. Why, has not he already refused to marry you?

P H I L L I D A.

And have not I declared against his love on that account?

C O R Y D O N.

Ay, but for all that he lurks about your heart, I can't be easy till you have quite forgot him.

P H I L L I D A.

I strive to forget him; but if you knew what pain it gives me, you would pity me.

A I R.

*A thousand ways to wean my heart
I've try'd, yet can't remove him;
And tho' for life I've sworn to part,
For life I find, I love him.*

*Still should the dear false man return,
And with new vows pursue me;
His flattering tongue would kill my scorn,
And still I fear undo me.*

CORYDON.

Consider, Phillida, how much it is my desire to have you married; and you have your choice of Cymon and Mopsus.

PHILLIDA.

I do consider, father, and I think you shoud too; is not a small fortune with the man I love, better than to be rich and miserable?

CORYDON.

See yonder Cymon comes: now, dear Phillida, for my fake simile upon him, perhaps in time he may be brought to please you.

PHILLIDA.

I will, since you desire it; but Mopsus has the same right to be heard as Cymon; send him too; and till he comes, I'll hear what his brother has to say.

CORYDON.

Ah, Phillida, you gain my heart, I'll send him to you directly.

AIR.

*Ah, Philly, look before you leap,
No comfort in a fop you'll find,
Vain are the joys you hope to reap,
Love roots not in a giddy mind.*

*Young Damon's all feather—all smoke,
A weathercock turn'd by each wind;
The lads I prefer—hearts of oak,
Will ever be constant and kind.*

[Exit.]

Enter

Enter C Y M O N.

A I R.

Cym. *Behold and see thy wounded lover,
Whose truth from thee will ne'er depart ;
O let my tears at length discover,
One gentle smile to heal my heart.*

Phill. *Were in the world no man but Cymon,
None of the female kind but I ;
With me shou'd end the name of woman,
With thee the race of man shou'd die.*

C Y M O N.

O cruel false hearted Phillida ! Why now didn't you
say to day you loved me a good deal better than my
brother Mopsus ?

P H I L L I D A.

Yes, I own I told you so, to get rid of you.

C Y M O N.

And don't you love me at all ?

P H I L L I D A.

Once for all, I tell you no ; how long must I be
teazed with you ?

C Y M O N.

And so I have been a believing all this for nothing.

A I R.

A I R.

Cym. *O what a plague is love!*
I cannot bear it :
What life so curst can prove
Or pain come near it?

When I would tell my mind,
My heart misdoubts me ;
Or when I speak I find
With scorn she routs me.

In vain is all I say,
Her answer still is nay :
O dismal, doleful day!
Phillida flouts me.

Enter MOP SUS.

Mop. *Ah poor Cymon! dud a cry!*
Well-a-day! wipe an eye! O fie Phillida,
To treat him so scornfully,
Shamefully, mournfully.
Phillida, fie!

Phill. *No, no, no, Sir pert, and dull!*
Simpleton, paper-skull! I for ever shall
Think thee for the greater fool!
Therefore will give thee cause
With him to cry.

Cym. *Toll, loll, loll, loll! — now, I pray,*
Who has cause most to cry, Ah! well-a-day!

Mop. *What care I! why let her scoff,*
I can laugh ; play her off, better than you.

Cym. *Ab! poor Mop sus, thou'rt a fool!*

Mop. *I say you're a greater owl.*

Cym. *Nay, now I'm sure that's a lie.*

Mop. *What's a lie?*

Cym.

Cym. ——That's a lie.

Mop. I say 'tis true.

Phill. Give over your love, you great boobies;
I hate you both; you Sir, and you too;
Did ever a brace of such boobies
The last that detecteth them pursue?

Mop. How! —

Phill. Go! —

Cym. Oh! — I'm ready to faint!
How are you?

Mop. Why truly she treats us but so, so.
For my part I think she's a devil.
A woman wou'd scorn for to do so.

Cym. O fie, fie! such words are uncivil.

Phill. Prepare then to hear my last sentence:
Before I'd wed either, much rather,
I'd stand on the stool of repentance,
And want for my bantling a father.
Go! —

Cym. Oh! woe! I'm ready to faint.

Mop. And I, too.
In short this won't do, Mrs. Vixen,
For one of us two you must chuse;

Phill. Then you are the man that I fix on,
And you are the fool I refuse.
[Strikes each a box on the ear.

Cym. Wounds! } Mop. The devil wou'd fly such a
Phill. Go! — } Cym. spouse.

[Exit Mopsus.

CYMON.

See if I don't go and tell your daddy.

[*Exit Cymon.*]

PHILLIDA.

Go any where—I am teased to death with these odious wretches—O Damon ! how little you deserve that I should give myself so much uneasiness for you ? but I am born to be unhappy, and must learn to endure whatever fortune chuses to inflict.

Enter ARCAS, DAMON, SHEPHERDS, &c.

DAMON.

No, Phillida, you have endured enough ; here is your comforter and your convert ; convinced of my crimes, lord Arcas and these shepherds will witness for me, with what eagerness I have flown to make atonement for them ; I am ashamed of my treatment of you, and with transport confirm it at your feet.

A I R.

*See ! behold and see
With an eye kind and relenting,
Damon now repenting ;
Only true to thee,
Content to love, and love for life.*

Phill. *If you now sincere,
With an honest declaration,
Mean to prove your passion ;
To the purpose swear,
And make at once a maid a wife.*

Both. *Thus for life I take thee,
Never to forsake thee,
Soon or late we find that fate,
To heart's astray directs the way,
And brings to lasting joys the rover home.*

Enter

Enter CORYDON, CYMON, MOPSUS.

C Y M O N.

'There, didn't I say I'd tell your daddy ?

C O R Y D O N.

Indeed Phillida, 'tis unkind to trifle with me so, didn't you promise you would receive Cymon and Mopsus civilly ; how comes it then that you have affronted them ?

A R C A S.

Come, Corydon, I hope you'll approve of all your daughter's conduct, when I tell you that Damon has confessed his error, and desires he may receive from you your Phillida in marriage.

D A M O N.

I have not deserved it, Sir, but my Phillida shall be my advocate to you for your blessing.

C O R Y D O N.

I love my child, but I know you'll make her a bad husband.

D A M O N.

You have reason to think so, I own, but if you'll venture such a treasure in my care, as I shall ever esteem your daughter, I hope my future behaviour will convince you your fears are groundless.

C O R Y D O N.

Then take her—I am sorry for poor Cymon and Mopsus.

E

ARCAS,

A R C A S.

To say the truth Corydon, I thought your daughter a little hardly dealt with, in being pestered with their courtship; but however, Damon who has made her happy, will I hope deserve her, he shall have what I promised with her as an addition to her dower, and if I am not very much deceived, will prove, that when a rover becomes a convert to truth, reason will compleat the work, by teaching him to make a good husband.

A I R.

D A M O N .

*Inconstancy hence to a city or court,
Where the herd of gay rakes and vain coxcombs resort,
Where noise is call'd spirit, where love's but a name,
And where nymphs are made wretched, and no one to
blame;
Let such a new way to be happy invent,
Our way to be happy's the way to content.*

M O P S U S .

*Since things have fall'n out thus, thy hand, honest boy,
And Philly I wish you abundance of joy;
If I can't be quite happy myself, I don't see
Why I should grudge others what's not meant for me,
My joking and laughing old Nick shan't prevent;
So happen what will I shall still be content.*

P H I L L I D A .

*How smoothly the minutes henceforward will flow,
Kind love will attend us wherever we go;
The morning and evening their pleasures will bring,
While the lark and the nightingale round us will sing,
Each hour will convince us that nature has meant
The shepherd's plain life, for a life of content.*

CORYDON.

*And now my dear children if happy you'd live,
Attend to the conseil I'm going to give ;
You Phillida, still be good-natured and kind,
And Damon a rover no longer you'll find ;
Your truth that reclaim'd him will hourly invent
Some new act of love to encrease his content.*

CYMON.

*To be serv'd such a trick, 'tis a monstorous shame,
To flout one and scold one, and make one your game ;
I could cry for vexation, 'sheart what shall I do ?
Icod there's one way, and a clever one too,
And so mistress Philly your malice is spent ;
For one smile from these friends will insure my content.*

END OF THE OPERA.

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СІДОМІСЬКО

4 AP 54

